

A  
Piece of Friar Bacons  
Brazen-heads Pro-  
phesie.

By *William Terilo.*



R



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LONDON

Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling in Powles  
Church-yard, at the Signe of the white Horse,  
1604.

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
2. second of these is the fact that the  
3. third of these is the fact that the





*To the Reader.*



Entle Reader, is such a stale title to put vpon you, that not knowing your disposition to this same vniuersal gentlenes, and perhaps at this time, so full of melancholy, as makes you vnfit for any such kindnes: I had rather say, you that read, if you haue so much idle time to passe away, as may be somewhat better then lost, in perusing this change, or rather dreame of the change of times, I pray you for this time to haue patience, and if an other time in this you take pleasure, I will as I can take a time to run a better course to your contentment.

*Friar Bacons* Brazen head, was said (in Iest) to haue spoken of three times : *The time was,*

A 2

The

*To the Reader.*

*The Time is, and Time shall be: Now for my  
selfe, I cannot goe so farre: what was, at  
least of late, I haue a litle read, heard, and vn-  
derstood: of the time presēt I only dreamed:  
but of what is to come, I can say nothing:  
and therefore making no Chronicle of the  
first, and onely shewing my dreame of the  
second, I will make no Prophecie of the  
third, but leaue all to Gods pleasure: and so,  
leauing you to iudge of all times as you  
haue reason, I take my leaue of you at this  
time: but rest at all times.*

*Your friend as I find cause and time,*

**William Terilo.**





A piece of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads  
Prophecie.

*Time was, Time is.*

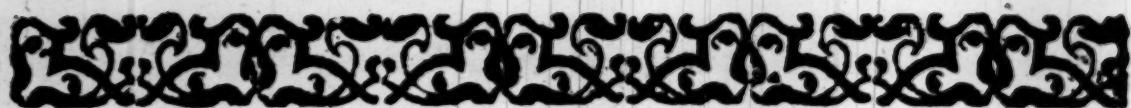
**W**hen I was but a Boye  
And plaide with little Girles:  
And more esteem'd a toye  
Then pretious stones, or Pearles,  
Then Natures loue, that knew no pride,  
With litle would be satisfide.

Then friends would not fall out,  
But soone fall in againe:  
When none would goe about  
To laie a wicked traine:  
But kindnesse was in such request,  
That malice knew not where to rest.

B.

Content





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Content was then a king,  
Although he ware no Crowne:  
And twas a wondrous thing  
Would make a Mayden frowne,  
When twas no litle grace to Nature  
For to be call'd a gentle Creature.

The Milke-maydes paile was sweete,  
The Shepheards Cloake was cleane:  
And when their Loues did meete,  
They did no falshood meane.  
While Truth did in their passions try,  
There could not passe a thought awry.

Then obseruation found  
The passage of those partes:  
Where Reason laide the ground  
Of all Experience Artes.  
While Loue was rulde by Grace,  
To seeke his spirits resting place.

Then







*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Then praise grew of desert,  
Desert of true conceit :  
Whose tongue was in the hart,  
That could not hide deceit.  
But he or she, was held a fiend,  
That would be false vnto a friend.

Then Shepheards knew the times  
And seasons of the yeare :  
And made their honest Rimes,  
In mirth, and merry cheare.  
And *Sim* and *Su*, would kindly kisse,  
When nothing could be ment amisse.

Then Sheepes eyes were not watcht,  
That Lambes did waking keepe :  
And when the Hen had hatcht,  
The Chickens might goe peepe.  
When snares were set, both day & night,  
To hang the Buzzard, and the Kite.





*Friar Bacons Prophecie.*

The Henne, the Goose, the Ducke,  
Might cackle, creak, and quacke :  
When not an Owle would plucke  
A feather from her backe :  
Except she crowed, or would not laie,  
Then roast her on a holy day.

The Butchers then would keepe  
Their flesh from blowing Flies :  
And Maidens would not sleepe,  
But in the morning rise,  
And hunt a Flea so in the bed,  
He knew not where to hide his head.

Then neither Wolfe nor Foxe,  
But that did feare the Hound :  
Nor greatest headed Oxe  
But to the yoake was bound :  
Nor drawing Tit, but knew who there,  
Nor Ass, but did his burthen beare.

Then







*Friar Bakons Propheſie.*

Then Oates were knowne from Rie,  
And Barley from the Wheate:  
A Cheefe-Cake and a Pie,  
Were held good country meate.  
When Ale and Spice, and Curdes, and Creame,  
Would make a Scholler make a Theame.

And then when wooers met,  
It was a ſport to ſee  
How ſoone the match was ſet,  
How well they did agree:  
When that the Father gaue the childe,  
And then the mother ſat and ſmilde.

Delaies were then like death  
To any kinde deſire:  
When no man ſpent his breath  
To be no whit the nigher.  
But Truth & Truſt ſo deerly loued,  
That what th'one did, th'other proued.

B 3

Then





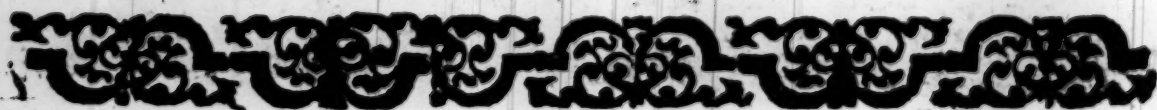
*Friar Bakons Propheſie.*

Then Cocke a doodle doo,  
The houre's diuided right:  
And olde to whit to whoo  
Did watch the winter night.  
And in the Springs the Nightingale  
Did tell the woods a merry Tale.

Then Beetels could not liue  
Vpon the hony Bees:  
But they the Drones would driue  
Vnto the doted Trees.  
When he that wrought not till he sweate,  
VWas held vnworthy of his meate.

Then were no pitfalls made  
But in the froſt and ſnowe:  
Nor VWoodcocks in the glade  
Could by the Springes goe.  
And not a Bird that bare a winge,  
But that would ſtoope vnto his winge.

Then







*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Then Russet cloth and Frize  
Did walke the world about :  
And no man would despise  
The inside for the out :  
But he that paid for what he spent,  
Was welcome where so ere he went.

Then were there no deuises  
To draw on fond desires :  
But Chapmen knew the prices,  
The sellers and the buyers :  
And simple Truthe no cunning vsde,  
How simple Trust might be abusde.

The Markets then were seru'd,  
With good sufficient ware :  
And Cattell were not staru'd  
When *Mowcher* and his Mare  
Would bring in such a sacke of Rie,  
As tried the Millers honestie.

Then





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Then *Iohn*, and *Ioane*, and *Madge*,  
Were call'd the merry Crew :  
That with no drinke could fadge,  
But where the fat they knew.  
And though they knew who brew'd the Ale,  
Yet must it stand till it were stale.

Then was good fellowship  
Almost in euery house :  
She would not hang the lip,  
He would not knit the browes :  
But he would smirke, and she would smile,  
That all the house would laugh the while.

Then Handkerchers were wrought,  
With names, and true loues knots :  
And not a wench was taught  
A false stitch in her spots.  
When Roses in the Gardaines grew,  
And not in Ribons, on a shoe.

Then







*Friar Bacons Prophecie.*

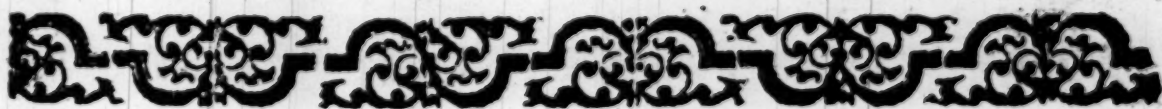
Then painting only seru'de,  
For Paper, Wood, and Cloth :  
When health was most pre seru'de,  
By labour, not by sloth.  
When fewe that did of Phisicke heare,  
But they were stricken with a feare.

Then he that heard of warre  
Was in a wofull case :  
Except it were so farre  
He could not feare the place.  
When Peace and Plentie were so sweete,  
As trode all Fortunes vnder feete.

The Taber and the Pipe,  
The Bagpipe and the Crowde :  
When Oates and Rye were ripe,  
Began to be alowde.  
But till the Haruest all was in,  
The Moris Daunce did not begin.

C

A Citie





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

A Citie from a Towne,  
Then by his wall was scene :  
And none did weare a Crowne,  
But either King, or Queene :  
And euer vpon Easter day,  
All lack a Lents were cast away.

Then Cloakes were for the raine,  
And Feathers but for beddes :  
Sheepes Russet would not staine,  
There were no greens nor redde :  
Carnation, Crimson, yealow, blew,  
Plaine people no such colours knew.

The Horse, the Cowe, the Hogge,  
Were kept for worke and wealth :  
The Pus-Cat and the Dogge,  
For safegard from the stealth :  
Of Rats & Mice, and Wolfe, and Foxe,  
When fewe had keyes vnto their lockes.

Then







*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Then Owles nor Night Rauens were,  
No tellers of ill happes :  
When Faith had neuer feare  
Of any Thunder-clappes :  
But looke what weather euer came,  
Was welcome in Gods holy name.

Then Monkees, Baboones, Apes,  
And such il-fauour'd Creatures,  
Of such straunge fashion'd shapes  
Were hatefull to our natures :  
When who heard tell but of a Beare,  
But he could scarcely sleepe for feare.

No Parat, Pic, nor Dawe,  
Was idely taught to prate :  
Nor scarce a man of Lawe  
Was knowne in all the state.  
While neighbors so like friends agreede,  
That one supplide an others neede.





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

The shepheard kept his sheepe,  
The Goat-heard kept his heard:  
And in the Sunne would sleepe,  
When were no Vermin fear'd;  
For euery Curre would barke or bite,  
To put the wicked Foxe to flight.

And then a good grey Frocke,  
A Kercheffe, and a Raile:  
A faire white flaxen Smocke,  
A Hose with a good waile.  
A good strong leatherd winter shoe,  
Was well Iwis, and better too.

Then Iwis, well, goe too,  
Were words of no small worth:  
When folkes knew what to doo  
To bring their meanings forth.  
And winke, and nod, and hem, & humme,  
Could bring my finger to my thumb.

No







*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

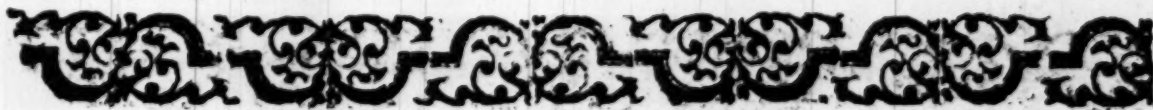
No cutting of a Carde,  
Nor cogging of a Dye:  
But it was wholly barde  
All honest company:  
And faire square plaie with yea and naie,  
Who lost the game would quickly paie.

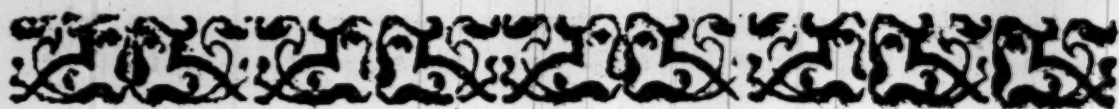
No matches then were set  
For yonger brothers landes:  
Nor Vsurers could get  
Mens goods into their handes:  
But such as had their wittes awake,  
Could smell a Knaue before he spake.

And hardly in a yeere  
A man should meete a Thiefe:  
When Corne was nere so decre.  
But poore folkes had reliefe:  
And wickednes was loath'd so much,  
That no man lou'd the tickle tuch.

C 3

Then





*Friar Bakons Propheſie.*

Then loue went not by lookes,  
VVherein laie venim hid:  
Nor words were Angle-hookes,  
YVhen men knew what they did.  
But honeſt hearts, and modeſt eies,  
Did make the Louers paradise.

But now that world is changde,  
And time doth alter Creatures:  
VVhoſe ſpirits are eſtrang'de  
From their owne proper natures:  
VVhile wofull eyes may weepe, to ſee  
How all things are, and what they bee.

Now euery idle Boye  
That ſells his land for Pearles:  
Eſteemes his wealth a toye,  
To giue to idle girles:  
VVhile graceleſſe loue, in Natures pride,  
VVith ſinne is neuer ſatiſfide.

Now







*Friar Bakons Prophecie*

Now friends do oft fall out,  
But feelde fall in againe:  
VWhile many goe about  
To laie a wicked traine:  
VWhere malice is so in request,  
That kindnes knowes not where to rest.

Content is now vnknowne,  
In either King or Clowne:  
A sight too common showne,  
To see a Mayden frowne:  
VWhen she is held a foolish Creature,  
That shewes to be of gentle Nature.

The Milke-maydes Paile is sowre,  
The Shepherds Cloake vncleane:  
VWhere Loue hath not the power  
To finde what fancies meane:  
VWhile Faith doth so much falshood proue,  
That many lye, which say they loue.

Now





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Now obseruation findes  
By all Experience Artes :  
How Machauilian mindes  
Do plaie the diuels partes :  
VVhile loue (alas) hath little grace  
In worshipping a wicked face.

Now praise must follow pride,  
And Flattery wayt on wealth :  
And tongues to silence tide,  
Except it be by stealth :  
While he or she that cannot faine,  
Must die a friends ships foole in graine.

The seasons of the yeere  
The Shepheards do not know :  
VVhile mirth and merry cheere  
To grieve and sorrow grow :  
VVhile if a couple kindly kisse,  
The third thinkes somewhat is amisse.

Now







*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

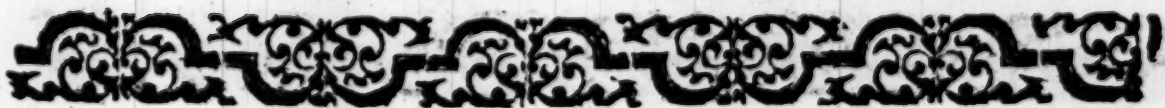
Now sheepes-eies are so watcht,  
That Lambes can hardly sleepe:  
For when the Henne hath hatcht,  
Ere well the Chicken peepe:  
The Buzzard and the Kite so pray,  
That halfe the Brood is stolne away.

No Butcher now can keepe  
His flesh from blowing flies:  
And Maydes will lie and sleepe,  
That doe not loue to rise:  
While euery bedde so swarmes with fleas,  
I wonder how they lie at ease.

How neither Wolfe nor Foxe,  
But can beguile the Hound:  
Nor gallant headed Oxe,  
Will to a yoake be bound:  
Nor drawing Tit, but skornd who there,  
Nor Ass, that will his burthen beare.

D

Wheate,





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Wheate, Barly, Oates, and Ric,  
So like are in the blade:  
That many a simple eye,  
May Soone a foole be made: (Spice,  
While Curdes, and Creame, and Ale, and  
Will bring out but a poore deuice.

Now Cockes dare scarcely Crow,  
For feare the Foxe doe heare:  
Nor shriche-Owle but will shrow,  
That Winter time is neare:  
And *Philomens* amid the spring,  
So feares the worme, shee cannot sing.

And now when Louers meete,  
It is a grieve to see:  
How heauily they greete,  
And how they disagree:  
While that the fathers eies are blinde,  
And that the mother is vnkinde.

Delaies







*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Delaies to neere disdaine,  
Doe feede vpon desire:  
And breath is spent in vaine,  
Where hopes are nere the nigher:  
While Truth and Trust haue too much  
They hardly find wher to be loued (proued

Now humble Bees can liue  
Vpon the hony Bees:  
That not a Drone dare driue,  
Vnto the doted trees:  
While he that workes not for his meate,  
VVill liue vpon anothers sweate.

Now pitfalls are so made,  
That small birdes cannot know them:  
No VVoodcockes in a Glade,  
But Netts can ouerthrow them:  
And not a paltry carrion Kite,  
But braues a Faulcon in his flight.

D 2

Now





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Now veluet, cloth of gold,  
And filkes of highest price:  
Doth make the good free-holde,  
Chaung title with a trice:  
While he that spends and will not pay,  
Is welcome, when he is away.

Now wordes of strange deuises,  
Doe cheate vpon desires:  
While cunning sellers prices,  
Doe cosen simple buiers:  
While truth is all so sildome vsed,  
That honest trust is much abused.

The markets now are staru'de  
With much vnsauery ware:  
And cattell often staru'de,  
When that the Millers Mare  
Can scarcely bring a sacke of Ric,  
That one may be a sauer by.

Now







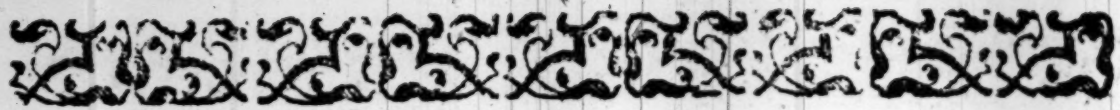
*Friar Bakons Prophecie.* ..

Now *John* and *Ioane*, and *Madge*,  
Can make no merry *Crue*:  
The baily with his badge,  
So braues it in his blue:  
None dare discharge a *Carier*,  
For feare of maister officier.

\* And now from euery house  
Good fellowship is gone:  
And scarce a silly mouse,  
Findes crummes to feede vpon: (*champe*,  
While, lowre, and poute, and chafe and  
Brings all the household in a dampe.

Now clockes are for the *Sunne*,  
And feathers for the winde:  
Sheepes *Russet* to home spunne,  
While a fantasticke minde  
Must haue a colour strange and rare,  
To make a mad man stand and stare.





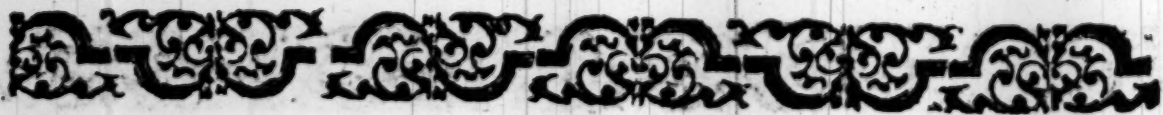
*Friar Bakons Propheſie.*

The Horſe, the Cowe, the Hogge,  
Are chiefly kept for breed:  
The Puſcat, and the Dogge,  
To keepe the plough-mans feede:  
VVhile not a locke but hath a kay:  
For feare the Cupboord runne away.

Now Owles and night-Rauens are  
Ill fortunes prophecies:  
VVhen faithleſſe ſpirits ſtare,  
If any ſtorme ariſe:  
And if the weather be not faire,  
VVhy fooles are almoſt in diſpaire.

Now Monkies, Baboones, Apes,  
Are taught to pranke and prance:  
VVhile many a Wizard gape,  
To ſee a monſter dance:  
And not a woman that will feare,  
To ſee the baiting of a Beare.

Now







*Friar Bacons Prophecie.*

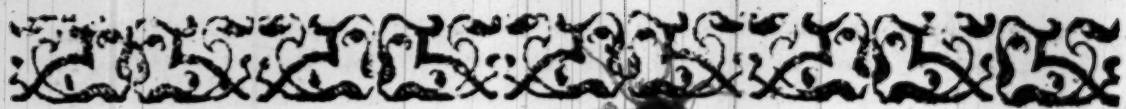
Now Parats, Pies and Dawes,  
Are finely taught to prate:  
And worldes of men of lawe,  
Are needfull in the state:  
Where Neighbours liue so vnlike friends,  
That men would iudge them to be fiends.

And now a Satten gowne,  
A petticoate of filke:  
A fine wrought bugle Crowne,  
A Smocke as white as milke:  
A colour'd hose, a pincked shooe,  
VWill scarcely make a Tit come too.

Now as God Iudge my soule,  
Besides my faith, and troth:  
On euery wassell bowle,  
Is thought a simple Oth:                      (handes,  
VWhile stampe and stare, and clapping  
Will scarce make vp a beggers bandes.

Now





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

Now Sempsters few are taught,  
The true sticht in their spots:  
And names are sildome wrought,  
Within the true loues knots:  
And Ribon Roses take such place,  
That Garden Roses want their grace.

Now painting serues for faces,  
To make the fowle seeme faire:  
And health in many places,  
Must not abide the Aire:  
And few that haue bene bit with fleas,  
But runne to phisicke for their ease.

Now warre makes many rich,  
That else had bene but poore:  
And makes a souldiour itch,  
Till he haue scratcht a Boore:  
For peace and plenty breed such pride,  
As poore mens fortunes cannot bide.

The







*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

The Taber and the Pipe,  
Are now out of request:  
And ere the Rie be ripe,  
The bird will leaue the nest:  
And Moris dances doe begin,  
Before the haruest halfe be in.

Now many a Townes mud wall,  
Doth put a Citty downe:  
And Mistresse Finicall,  
Doth weare a Bugle Crowne:  
And many a Rascall Mall-content,  
Will make his Easter day in Lent.

Now cogge and foist that list,  
VVho will that wit gaine say,  
That learns fooles had I wist:  
That will and cannot play,  
While faire, and square, and pitch, and pay:  
The gamster calls fooles holy-day.

Now worldes of Matches set,  
For elder brothers landes:

E

And





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

And vsury doth get,  
Great wealth into her hands:  
While he that will not watch a knaue,  
May bring a begger to his graue.

Now hardly in a day,  
But one shall meete a thiefe:  
Where wealth is hid away,  
And poore haue no reliefe:  
And wickednes is vnde so much,  
As who but loues the tickle tuch.

Now loue goes so by lookes,  
Men know not what they doo:  
And wordes are poisoned hookes,  
That catch, and kill men too:  
While wicked hartes and wanton eies,  
Make hell in steed of paradise.

Now surely thus it is,  
It is a wonderfull change:  
Where all goes so amisse,  
Or else my dreame is strange:.

That







*Friar Bakens Prophecie.*

That shew'de me such a world of wo.  
But God forbid it should be so.

For dreames are idle things,  
And surely so is this:  
For true apparance brings,  
No proote of such amisse:  
But euery thing in such good course,  
As God forbid it should be worse.

For Louers must be kinde,  
And Neighbours must be friends;  
And when the folkes haue dinde,  
Set vp the puddings ends:  
For tis an ancient rule in truth,  
That thriftines is good in youth.

Olde men must haue their saying,  
And rich men must haue place;  
Sutors must bide delaying,  
And children must say grace: (shift,  
And thiefes must hang and knaues must  
And silly fooles must haue the lift.

E 2

And





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

And Lawe must speake, Wit iudge,  
Men liue vntill thy die:  
And Snot must be a snudge,  
And loue haue leaue to lie:  
And wretches worke, and wantons play,  
And who can holde that will away?

And waggess must fing, and dance,  
And gamsters plot for gaine:  
Who likes not of his chance,  
Take by to helpe the maine:  
For he that walkes without a head,  
May quickly bring a foole to bed.

Women must haue their wills,  
Though men would say them nay:  
Some are such needfull ills,  
They cannot be away:  
And he that giues the humme a hemme,  
VWill sometimes fall aboard with them.

The Horſe must haue his hay,  
The Dogge must haue a bone:

The







*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

The Ducke must haue a Bay,  
The Hawke must haue a stone;  
And *Ihen* must not be kept from *Ioane*,  
For Loue can neuer liue alone.

And therefore thus in brieft,  
Let peace endure no strife:  
Let no man offer griefe,  
Vnto his neighbours wife:  
Let faire play passe through euery hand,  
And let him fall that cannot stand.

Let God be seru'd, obai'd,  
The King both seru'd and lou'de:  
Church honoured, duties paide,  
Mallice from mindes remou'de:  
And it may hap to come to passe,  
To be as well as ere it was.

And blessed were the daies,  
If so the world did goe:  
That wit a thousand waies,  
Might reasons comfort knowe.

E 3

While





*Friar Bakons Propheſie.*

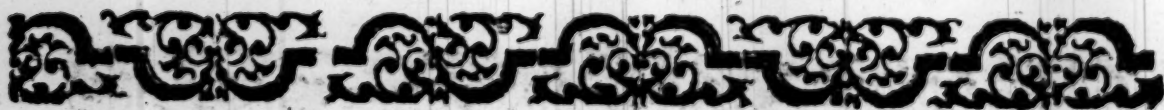
Whil birds might ſing, & men might ſpeak,  
And malice might no muſicke breake.

That eyes might looke their fill,  
VVords might be vncontrold:  
And art might haue the ſkill,  
To find the ſtone for gold:  
And Iealous eyes might all be blinde,  
That ouerlooke an honeſt minde.

That wealth ſhould haue her grace,  
In liberalitie:  
And honour giue a place,  
To euery qualitie:  
VVhile panders, ieſters, fooles, and knaues,  
Might walke about like ſilly ſlaues.

A word might be a band,  
VVhere needles were an Oth:  
VVhile yea and nay might ſtand,  
In ſteed of faith and troth:  
And tuch, and take, and pitch, and pay,  
Might driue all cunning tricks away.

Awinke,







*Friar Bacons Propheſie.*

A winke, a nod, a ſmile,  
Might ſhew the iudgement iuſt,  
VVhere Truth could not beguile,  
Her honeſt meaning Truſt :  
But one in two, and two in one,  
Might make the merry world alone.

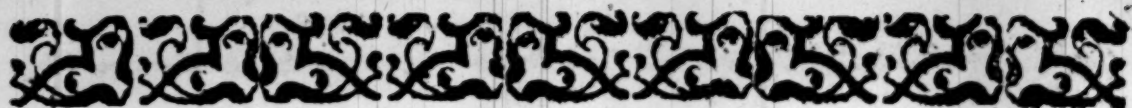
That quarrels might not grow  
Of ſwaggering, nor quaffing :  
But who begins heigh ho !  
Might ſet the houſe a laughing:  
VVhen not a thought of villany  
Might come in honeſt company.

And Goſſips might be merry  
And tattle when they meete:  
And cheekes as red as cherry,  
Might ſhew the wine is ſweete:  
VVhen Louers are in talke ſo ſad,  
As if they were alreadie had.

Power ſhould be fearde for Grace,  
And Lawe obeyd for loue :

And





*Friar Bakons Prophecie.*

And Vertue take her place,  
In highest hopes behoue :  
And Wisedome only honour God,  
And so should sinne be ouertrod.

Nought should be scornde but Folly,  
Nor in regard but Reason :  
And nothing lou'de, but holy,  
And nought in hate but Treason :  
And nought but flaunder banged,  
And nought but Murther hanged.

And then the world were well,  
But when will it be so ?  
(Alas) I cannot tell,  
And therefore let it goe :  
And as God will, so let it bee,  
It shall be as it list for mee.

Let euery man mend one,  
And I will not be out :  
And *lohn* be good to *loane*,  
Or else he is a Lout :  
And *Peter* weaue, what *Parnell* spunne,  
Good night *lohn Line*, and I haue donne.

FINIS.